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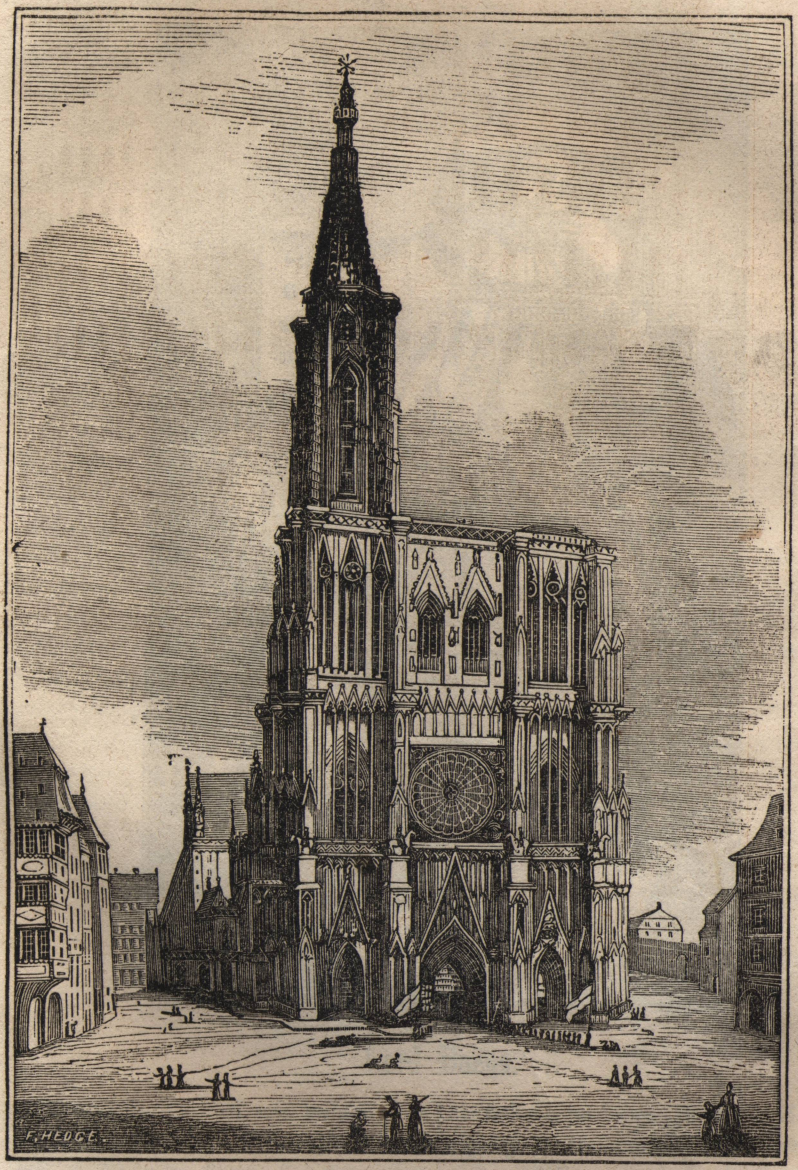

STRASBURG CATHEDRAL.

Lord Bacon.

FRANCIS BACON was born on the 22d of January, 1561. He was the son of Nicholas Bacon, for more than twenty years keeper of the great seal.

Francis was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and afterwards pursued his father's profession of law. He rose rapidly to eminence in his profession, and in 1619 was made Lord High Chancellor of England, and was created Baron Verulam.

But it is not to any titles conferred

by royal favor, or to any political distinction, that he is indebted for his fame. If he had for ever remained in the walks of private life and never been made a lord of the realm, he would, doubtless, have been equally honored, yea, more honored, for he then would not have borne the reproach of corruption and political apostacy.

It was his astonishing intellect that made his name honored by all nations. He grasped at facts in philosophy and natural science with a sort of intuition, and by the mighty energies of his clear and far-seeing mind, he overturned old-established systems of philosophy, and introduced a new era in the intellectual world.

It is a most remarkable fact that for the long space of nearly 2000 years there was no progress made in the methods of reasoning and of investigating the phenomena of matter and of mind. From the days of Aristotle, 400 years before Christ, down to the middle of the 16th century, men instead of making any progress in the study of the sciences, were actually sinking deeper and deeper in blindness. They did not reason from facts—they did not think for themselves as men now do.

There were certain general principles, sanctioned by the authority of great names, or by the tradition of the schools, that were considered the foundation of all knowledge. Nobody ever thought of questioning the truth of these principles, or testing them by the investigation of facts.

Facts must be reconciled to the doctrine, and not the doctrine to facts. This was the state of things in the dark ages.

To Lord Bacon was reserved the honor of waging an effectual warfare against the silly old philosophy that had kept the world in ignorance. He taught the simple yet grand idea, that true philosophy is the explanation and harmony of facts—that to reason correctly we must first gather our facts, and then form our theory or explanation. This is what is called inductive reasoning.

Lord Bacon maintained that no philosophical truth could be obtained by any other method than by the induction of facts, and that it was not entitled to belief except so far as it could be proved.

This principle is now universally admitted, and it has done more than we can well conceive in emancipating the human mind, and stimulating it to a habit of original and clear thought. It is this new mode of reasoning that has raised up a generation of thinking men and women—that has ushered in the age of improvements and inventions. It is this that has given such new interest and force to our system of education.

The mere schoolboy now, instead of taking an assertion on the authority of his teacher, demands the reason. In short, truth, and not mere dogma, is made the basis of reasoning. This is as it should be, and to Lord Bacon the world is indebted for leading the way to the inductive method of acquiring knowledge. For this service alone he is entitled to lasting fame.

Bacon died on the 9th of April, 1626, at the age of 65 years.

The Studio.

"MOTHER," said Franklin Ames, "can I have the little room over the entry for my own?"

"Why do you want that room?" said Mrs. Ames; "it is much smaller than the one you occupy, and the prospect from its solitary window is less pleasant. Besides, there is hardly space enough in it to contain your bed."

"I do not want it for a sleeping room."

"What do you want it for?"

"For a studio."

"Much studying you will do," said his sister Jane. "You never studied too much in school, and I don't think you will do much at it at home. Besides, you can't have the room, for I want it."

"You have the largest room in the house now."

"I never can see who are coming up the front walk except from that window; so I must have the room to go in and out as often as I please. You can study in your own room."

"I did not say I wanted the room for a study. I said I wanted it for a studio; I don't believe she knows what a studio means."

This last remark was uttered in a somewhat contemptuous tone. It may be that Jane was not acquainted with the meaning of the term; but it is certain that Franklin's knowledge of it was but a few hours old. He had that morning been present at a conversation between two gentlemen, one of whom had recently returned from Italy. The conversation related chiefly to the American sculptor, Powers, his early history, his European reputation, and the works on which he was engaged when the gentleman visited his studio. Franklin, who had good habits of attention and considerable skill in thinking, drew the conclusion that a studio bore the same relation to an artist that a study did to a student of books. He not only received the idea of a studio from that conversation, but there was kindled within him a desire to rival Powers; and before he reached home he had determined to be a great artist. He would imitate Powers' example. He would go to work at once, and having made great proficiency, self-taught, he would go to Italy.

The question did indeed arise in his mind respecting the pecuniary means for crossing the ocean, and living in the land of art. It was easily answered: his works would soon command an extensive sale. Still, would not some time necessarily elapse before those magnificent creations of genius would be ready for the market? That fact could not be denied. Some immediate provision would be necessary. How should it be procured? Should he ask his parents? They were not wealthy, and would not approve of his plans. Besides, he must have the glory of working his own way.

He thought of several things he could dispose of. There was a pair of skates, a box of chessmen, an ivory-headed cane; but it was hardly to be supposed that these would pay his passage, and support him a year in Italy. But a lucky thought struck him. He was the owner of a colt, the gift of his grandfather. The animal was his own personal, unencumbered property. He could sell him for a good price.

For a moment the question of ways and means seemed solved. But soon a depressing thought arose. He could not bear to part with the colt. He loved him very much, and wanted him to be a sharer of the glory to be gathered. He should want him when he returned to enjoy his reputation and fortune in the land of the free.

It did not occur to him that the colt would not be a colt when that day should come, that, indeed, he would be somewhat advanced in years; but it did occur to him that the price the colt would bring would not meet his necessary expenses during the time devoted to the attainment of the brilliant object before him.

He finally concluded to postpone the further consideration of that perplexing and unsatisfactory subject, and to attend to matters near at hand.

The first thing to be done was to secure a studio. Hence the application for the little room over the front entry. Mrs. Ames was one of those women who think it well to give their children all reasonable indulgences which are adapted to cause them to find their happiness at home rather than abroad. She did not, like her neighbor Mrs. Soles, consider it clear gain if she could send her children from home and keep them out of the way. Accordingly she told Jane that the use for which she wanted the room was not a very important one, and that she thought she would accede to Franklin's request.

"But, mother," said Jane, "it is the only window which looks down the walk, and if I can't go to it, how can I tell who is coming?"

"You can open the front door and stand in the piazza; that I believe commands a view of the walk. That will supersede the necessity of ascending the stairs."

"I think that it would be fine to stand out there and stare at visitors coming!"

"I do not know but that it would be quite as well as peeping from behind the curtain. We most generally succeed in finding out who our visitors are after they enter the house. I don't know as it is absolutely necessary that we should know them half a minute sooner."

Jane began to feel that she could not maintain her position, and like a sensible girl, determined not to be vexed about it. So she tacitly yielded to the decision that Franklin should have the room for a studio.

Without remembering his contemptuous allusion to her ignorance, she inquired with interest what he was going to put in his studio? He then condescended to explain to her what a studio was, taking great pains to impress upon her mind the fact that it was in all re-

spects far superior to a study. A study was something he would not have—it was below his aims, but a studio was quite a different matter. He also unfolded as large a portion of his plans for the future as he deemed expedient.

"Will you want a carpet on the room?" said Jane.

"I don't know, I rather think not. I'll let you know."

Franklin retired to consider the use to which he was to appropriate his studio. He had a very indefinite idea of the mode in which a statue was produced. He knew they were made of marble, and he knew of a rock that was quite white, and would answer very well as a substitute. As to tools, he had a hatchet and a large jack-knife, and he doubted not that his friend the carpenter would furnish him a chisel or two. A mallet he could make himself.

He had heard the gentleman speak of several busts which Powers was modeling in plaster. He rightly conceived that modeling meant the forming of the bust or statue in a soft substance like plaster, to which model the marble was to be conformed.

"Now, Jane," said he, the next morning, when he had taken possession of his studio, and placed in it a small table, and the hatchet and such tools as he was able to collect, "now, Jane, you must not come into my studio till I get something done. Artists admit very few to their studios, because people must not see how the work is done. I'll let you know when you are to come in. Promise me that you will not go in when I am out." Jane gave the promise, and it was relied upon implicitly, for Jane had never deceived him. Mrs. Ames's children were brought up to speak the truth and keep their promises.

An hour or two afterwards, Franklin came in, and passed repeatedly up the staircase, with a basket containing fragments of the white stone alluded to above. His mother met him at the top of the stairs. "What under the sun are you about to do with those stones?" said she.

"I know," said Franklin, with an air of great importance; "please don't stop me."

He passed to his room, and arranged his marble, as he called it, along the wall. In his view, it had assumed the line and texture of marble of a very superior quality. He sat down in the centre of his studio, and gazed on the bits of stone, —I beg his pardon—his blocks of marble, and endeavored to conceive of the forms of beauty which they contained.

It was time for him to decide what he would make. It was a difficult matter: a statue of Washington at the head of the army struck him as a very fine subject; but he had no block quite large enough for that. "Ah," said he to himself, "I must make my model first, and then I can tell how large a piece of marble I shall want. I must have some plaster forthwith."

Accordingly he took a pail, went to the new brick church, which was in process of erection, made friends with the mortar-carrier, and filled his pail with the composition of sand, lime, and hair, which

is used for plastering. As it was dark before he reached home, he succeeded in conveying his material for modeling to his studio without observation. He was quite happy now. He had his materials, and was ready to begin his labors as an artist on the morrow.

For a good part of the next morning he was shut up in his studio, and Jane's repeated requests to be permitted to enter were refused.

A day or two afterwards Mrs. Ames, while sitting at the table, observed that Franklin's hands were inflamed and ulcerated. Mrs. Ames had a habit of observing the state of her children's hands, and the consequence was they were generally clean, especially at the table—a habit which, if it were universal, would occasion no great sorrow. "Franklin," said she, "what is the matter with your hands?"

"They are sore, ma'am."

"Indeed they are," said she, examining them more closely, "they look as if they were eaten with lime. Have you been handling lime?"

"No, ma'am."

"What have you been doing? and what is the matter with your pantaloons? they are covered with spots. You have certainly been at work with lime."

"I have been working in plaster."

"That would not have eaten your hands so, unless there was lime in it."

"There is lime in it."

"There ought not to be."

"They always put lime in plaster."

"Do they, Mr. Ames?"

"No," said Mr. Amen.

"I never saw any body make any without lime."

"Where did you ever see any one make plaster?"

"I saw the masons at the new meeting-house."

"Oh, he means mortar," said Mr. A., rising from the table, and going to his office, too busy to bestow further thought on what was so interesting to his son.

"If you have been handling mortar it is no wonder your hands are sore and your clothes ruined," said Mrs. Ames. "What possessed you to do so?"

"They always make their models of plaster," said Franklin, somewhat crestfallen.

The whole truth of the matter flashed on Mrs. Ames's mind. Franklin had been misled by the custom which calls mortar *plaster*, and had resorted to that corroding compound instead of gypsum or plaster of Paris. The thought produced a hearty laugh, which was by no means pleasant to Franklin's ears. He did not like to be laughed at any better than the reader does. She soon checked herself, and kindly proceeded to point out to her son his mistake, and advised him to be in future a little more distrustful of his knowledge, and to be sure he was right before he went ahead.

Truth and Error.

Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error wounded writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshippers.

Sin and punishment, like the shadow and the body, are never apart.

Balloon Travels.

[Continued from page 111.]

Ellen. Well, Mr. Merry — here we are, then, over the famous Bay of Naples.

Mary. Yes — and as it is now morning, it is an excellent time to take a view of it. We'll stop our balloon, a few minutes. Is not the scene very beautiful?

Jane. It is beautiful — charming — enchanting—

James. What a lot of big words you do use, Jane! I'm tired of beautiful—charming — enchanting—sublime — superb — delicious — delightful — delectable, &c., &c. You apply them to every thing.

Merry. My dear James, I am sorry to hear you speak so bluntly: perhaps young ladies, and young gentlemen too, use certain words rather too often. I am ready to admit that there is something tiresome, and even ridiculous, in the habit that some young people have of repeating on all occasions — little and great — certain big words. It is ridiculous, for instance, to exhaust all our expressions of delight on an insect or a flower, so that when we behold some grand and lively display of God's mightier works, like this before us—we have still only the same words which we have bestowed on the minute beauties of nature. This indiscriminate use of words is in bad taste, certainly. It shows a want of real thought, of real knowledge, of real sense, in those who make this a habit. Those who think, those who speak knowingly, those who have good taste and good sense, in habitual exercise, adapt their words to the occasion; they use them according to the object and the subject to which their words are applied. If they say a thing is beautiful, they will tell you why it is so; if they say a thing is sublime, they usually, in the same sentence, point out the elements of that sublimity. Such persons speak discriminatingly; they distinguish between the characters of objects. But a wholesale dealer in qualifying words makes no such discrimination. If a thing is grand — like Etna — they say it is beautiful, charming, sublime. They will use the same words in regard to a rainbow, or a star, or a lake, or a valley. A knowing person, a person of good sense, in habitual exercise — will speak of these things according to their peculiar traits. He will say the rainbow is graceful, the star is bright, the lake is tranquil, the valley is lovely — varying the words, of course, according to the occasion. In this way conversation becomes highly instructive; indeed, the conversation of sensible people is about the richest entertainment to be found in the intercourse of society. The talk of superficial people, especially when they attempt to speak strong and big, is offensive gabble; But there is something worse than all this, and I must beg my listeners to remember it: I mean abrupt and harsh criticism of our friends.

James. You are quite right, Mr. Merry,

and I am very sorry for what I said to Jane, and hope you will forgive me.

Merry. Certainly — certainly!

James. And do you forgive me, Jane?

Jane. With all my heart: nay, I am glad that you spoke as you did, for it has made me aware of my silly habit of using words at random. I can see how absurd it is. Now I think of it — it is like putting mustard, and salt, and pepper, and butter on every thing, instead of putting mustard on the beef, salt on the potatoes, pepper on the cabbage, and butter on the bread.

Merry. A very high-flavored illustration, Jane. But see, the sun is rising over the bay to the east! Observe how it seems to convert the water into a lake of gold! It is now shining fair upon the city of Naples, which rises from the sea, at the head of the bay.

James. Oh yes—then to the north! And to the east I can see Vesuvius, now bathed in sunshine. Why, this bay of Naples is really not only beautiful, but it is very large.

Merry. Yes, it is 22 miles long and 10 broad. That island which you see to the west is Ischia, and contains 24,000 people, that to the south, lying near the entrance of the bay, is Capri. It is a mountainous rock, rising abruptly from the sea. It is a celebrated place for catching doves and quails, for they stop here in vast numbers in their spring and autumn migrations. Nets and snares are set in the woods and across the crevices in the rocks, and the numbers of these birds taken is said to amount to millions every year, Capri is also noted for a cavern, which you enter close to the water. It bears the name of *Grotto of Nymphs.* It is hung with stalactites and when lighted by tapers, it seems like a chamber in an enchanted palace. Capri is furthermore celebrated in history. The Roman Emperor Tiberius spent several years here, and made it the scene of his insane orgies.

Ellen. Oh yes—I remember the story of Tiberius. It is a dreadful passage in history.

James. Tell it, Ellen.

Ellen. I can only give an outline of it. He was born about 42 years before Christ. His great talents were developed at an early age. When nine years old, he delivered a public discourse in honor of his father, who was a distinguished public officer under the famous Julius Cæsar. Tiberius rose to great distinction as an orator, and afterwards as a general. Finally, in the 55th year of his age, he succeeded Augustus Cæsar and became Emperor of Rome, then the mightiest power on the face of the earth. He had been supposed to be a good and virtuous man, but now his character changed, and he showed himself one of the most cruel and detestable tyrants that ever sat on a throne. He seemed to hate mankind, to despise the Roman people, and to find satisfaction only in deeds of injustice, tyranny, and crime. At last, in the year 22 before Christ, he gave up the chief business of government to a wretch named Sejanus, and spent the greater part of his time at the little island of Capri. Here he amused himself with building villages and palaces, with feast-

ing, drinking, dancing, and rioting in the most shocking manner. At this period he is generally believed to have been positively mad.

Lucy. What a terrible thing a mad emperor must be!

Seth. How so?

Lucy. Because he wields the whole power of the government. In the time of Tiberius, the Roman empire had at least a hundred millions of people under its dominion. Think of having a hundred millions of people exposed to the madness of their ruler—and that, too, when the emperor had the power of life and death over every person in the empire.

James. It is indeed dreadful to think of: still, it is very interesting to get here in the midst of places connected with the history of ancient Rome. We seem to see and feel the events of history, as if we had taken part in them. Oh how interesting it is to be in Italy!

Merry. But we must not forget to look at the bay of Naples.

Ellen. Some persons think the bay of New York as beautiful as the bay of Naples.

Merry. That is a mistake: the bay of New York is less than half the size of this, and it has no Vesuvius in the back ground. Still, it is a charming bay. In point of situation, no other city can rival New York. It is at the head of a bay, opening, at a short distance, upon the ocean. It is washed on the east by a sound 100 miles in length. It is at the mouth of a noble river. It is environed by islands and capes and shores of the mainland; combining, altogether, capacities for navigation and elements for picturesque beauty possessed by no other metropolis in the world. At the same time it enjoys a climate where the sun shines three hundred days in the year, and where the mental and physical stimuli of the four seasons—spring, summer, autumn, and winter, rouse to their highest perfection, the noblest endowments of man. But come—it is time to land and get some breakfast. Here we go: down—down—down! This, boys and girls, is the city of Naples.

S. G. G.

The Lost Day.

Lost! lost! lost!
A gem of countless price,
Cut from the living rock,
And graved in Paradise;
Set round with three times eight
Large diamonds clear and bright,
And each with sixty smaller ones,
All changeful as the light.

Lost! lost! lost!
I feel all search is vain:
That gem of countless cost
Can ne'er be mine again;
I offer no reward,
For till these heart-strings sever,
I know that heaven-intrusted gift
Is reft away for ever.

The Rev. Mr. Seward advises three questions to be put to ourselves before speaking evil of any man: "First, is it true? Second, is it kind? Third, is it necessary?"

Never scald your lips with other folks' broth.

The Purchases.

IT was on a cold day, in February, that Mr. Dorsay, a retired officer of the army, went, as was his custom, to take his morning walk upon the Boulevards, accompanied by his son Louis.

At the same time, Madame Dorsay set out with her daughter, a little girl of about ten years of age, to make some few purchases. The same wish influenced both parents, in thus conducting their children, separately, through the streets of the capital. They hoped, from the many opportunities that were likely to occur, to be enabled to impress upon their minds the propriety of acts of civility.

Therefore Mr. Dorsay was continually occupied in observing the deportment of his son; he watched each movement that he made, telling him that he should walk without any affectation, that he should carry his body straight, but not stiff, that his step should be firm, but not haughty, and that he should always avoid any unnecessary movement of his hands or head.

Now, he pointed out to him some young lad who was disputing the pas-

sage with an old man, instead of stepping respectfully aside, and allowing the latter to pass.

Now, he showed him some pedestrian, who, in place of giving the inner side of the pavement to a lady, kept it himself, thus exposing her to the neighborhood of the carriages.

He also made him remark the number of young men who were carelessly lounging along the street, with a cigar in their mouths, and enveloping the passers-by in a cloud of smoke, which is far from being agreeable to every one.

All these, and various other breaches of propriety, which they witnessed during their occasional walks, gave Mr. Dorsay an opportunity of impressing upon his son's mind the advantages of good breeding, and the delighted father soon observed that his instructions were not unheeded.

One day Louis perceived a peasant woman speaking to a workman, and showing him a piece of paper containing the address of an individual whose house she wished to find. The man took the address, read it aloud, and thinking it probably a piece of great wit, gave her an entirely wrong direction. Louis, who had overheard the conversation, now approached, and, reproving the workman, told the poor woman the easiest way to find the place she sought.

His father, who was present, and had attentively watched all that passed, took his son affectionately by the hand, and said, "That is right, my son. I am glad to see that you are sensible how wrong it would have been to let that woman go astray, and cause her unnecessary fatigue. Your conduct has recalled to my mind a circumstance, which occurred many years ago, and which turned out greatly to my advantage. I will relate it to you."

"During the wars of the Empire, when I was but a simple soldier, the regiment to which I belonged was, at one time, stationed in a small town in the Pyrenees, and as the place contained but few inhabitants, I, with one of my comrades, was ordered to take up my lodging in a dwelling far back among the mountains. We started, and I, attempting to take a shorter road, lost my way. Many times I halloed to my companion, but the distance prevented him from hearing me. I spent the whole day wandering about, till towards evening I discovered a hut, which was inhabited by a poor old man. He was lying upon a bed of dry leaves, and his thin, pallid features, as well as the deep grief of the young lad who was seated by his side, testified to the danger of his situation. I asked the boy if he could direct me on my way. When I pronounced the name of the individual whose house I wished to reach, the sick man raised his head and said,—

"Stephen will conduct you to it, sir. It is several miles distant."

I refused, saying that he need only tell me the way.

"You could not find the place without a guide," replied the dying man. "Let him go with you, I beg, but hasten."

At this earnest entreaty, I bid the

invalid farewell. The little mountaineer ran on before me, I following as fast as I could, and after a few hours' walking I reached my quarters, where I found my companion, who had arrived a long time before me.

After five years spent in the wars, I again directed my steps towards France, my own dear native land. I was no longer a poor soldier, obliged to travel on foot, for this time I crossed the mountains in a carriage, and wore the epaulettes of a colonel. I felt a great desire to visit once more the cabin where I had procured my little guide. I found it, and imagine my surprise and delight when I beheld the old man. He had been entirely restored to health, and was about to leave the hut in order to join his son Stephen, who sold Italian chestnuts in Paris.

Some time after my return to Paris, when I had been married but a few years, I made your mother a present of a handsome carriage and two fine horses. One day she started to make a few visits, and ordered the coachman to drive very carefully.

But, unhappily, an aged man, as he was crossing the street, slipped and fell, and was trodden under the horses' feet. No sooner had your mother perceived the accident, than she sprang from the carriage, and finding that he was severely injured, she ordered the coachman to place him in the carriage and drive immediately home.

That same afternoon I inquired where the old man's son lived, and was directed to a small, but neat store.

I entered the shop. All the furniture that it contained was a bench and a small stove, in which a bright fire was burning.

"Do you wish to purchase some Italian chestnuts?" said a lad of about fifteen or sixteen years of age.

"Willingly, my friend," I answered, "on condition that you will fetch them home for me."

He replied that he would do so. We started, and I conducted him through a number of streets, for my house was at some distance from the part of the city in which he lived, and he, at last, thinking the way uncommonly long, turned, and, with the accent of a Catalonian, said,—

"I am inclined to think that you are playing me some trick, sir."

"My young friend," I replied, "there are much longer roads than this to travel sometimes. For instance, in your mountainous country, we may often walk for hours before reaching the end of our journey, and you have, doubtless, guided many persons who have not shown any want of confidence in you."

"That is all very true," answered the lad, as he eyed me with great curiosity. Our readers have by this time probably recognised the little mountaineer of the Pyrenees.

When we reached my dwelling, I entered the dining-room, followed by Stephen, carrying the chestnuts in his leather apron.

What was his surprise and delight when he perceived his old father seated near the fire. Overcome by his emotion,

he clasped his hands together, and all the chestnuts rolled upon the floor.

"You, my son," said Mr. Dorsay to Louis, "have never seen the little mountaineer's father, for he died before you were born, but his son Stephen is now one of our richest merchants, and many an evening have you spent at his house. It is M. Morand."

When Louis returned home he related to his sister the story that he had heard, and asked her to tell him how *she* had passed the morning.

Arabella then gave her brother an account of the walk that she had taken with her mother. They had visited a number of very large shops, and Madame Dorsay had availed herself of frequent opportunities to impress upon her child the propriety of observing the rules of good breeding.

"Mamma," said Arabella, "always speaks so pleasantly to the shopkeepers; she never makes any impolite remarks upon the quality or price of the goods; she is so very different from some of the other ladies who speak so cross and haughtily, and are so hard to please, thinking, I suppose, that they have a right to act in this way, because they give their money in exchange for the goods."

She said that in one shop, just before her mother and herself had entered, the storekeeper had been treated very impolitely by two mischievous little girls. They had come, they said, to choose a hat for their mother.

The man showed them his handsomest assortment. "These are too large," said one of the children. He then went to the back of his shop and brought forward some smaller ones.—"That is too large still," said the other little girl.

It was in vain that size after size was shown them, for they coolly repeated—"Too large still! too large still!"

"Does your mother then want a hat that will fit a child?" said the shopkeeper, showing them some of different sizes.

"Too large still!" repeated the children.

"Is it one for an infant, then, that she wants," said the merchant, a little angrily.

"Yes, sir," they replied, bursting into a loud laugh, and running as fast as they could out of the store.

The shopkeeper had related this to Madame Dorsay, at the same time alluding to the many unpleasant things which occurred to him in his business, among which he numbered as the most unpleasant of all the impoliteness of certain customers. "A lady has just left this store," he continued, "who bought two pair of gloves, and instead of taking them with her, she haughtily told me to send them home.

Madame Dorsay now remarked to her daughter the faults which a bad education imparts to our characters; she told her to study agreeable manners, that sweetest of woman's charms, and the source of that esteem and affection which the female sex should always strive to merit and gain.

True politeness consists in making others at ease and happy.

King Gordius.

THIS ancient sovereign of Phrygia is the subject of a very romantic tale. He was originally a peasant. One day, when he was ploughing in the field, an eagle perched upon the yoke of his oxen, and remained there all day. Gordius, alarmed at what every one believed to be a prodigy full of meaning, went to consult the soothsayers of Telmessus, a city of Lydia, which country was famous in those days for the science of augury. On entering the city he was met by a beautiful young woman, to whom he related what had befallen him. She assured him that the prodigy portended his elevation to the throne, and she offered to become his wife and share his fortune. Gordius readily accepted the offer, and they were married.

Shortly after this, a sedition broke out among the Phrygians, who, it appears, had been living without any king or supreme ruler. They resorted to the oracles for advice how to put a stop to this anarchy. They were directed to choose a king, and, for this purpose, to note the first man who should pass the temple of Jupiter, driving an ox-cart. This person, the oracles assured them, was destined by the fates to be their monarch. The people accordingly all ran to the temple of Jupiter, where Gordius presently made his appearance, driving his cart. The multitude immediately saluted him as their sovereign, and he was crowned king of Phrygia. Absurd as this story appears at first sight, there are many parallels to it in real history. The popular caprice has often bestowed political power upon obscure persons, from a motive no more rational than the one indicated above. During the middle ages, in a sedition at Florence, the multitude created a woolcomber chief magistrate of the republic, for the whimsical reason that, amidst the tumult, he chanced to lay hold of the national flag, and wave it over the heads of the people. It is not improbable that Gordius really owed his crown to some such accident as we have related. The story of the prodigy might have been a later invention, designed to dignify the ignoble origin of the dynasty.

Gordius, to commemorate his remarkable elevation to the throne, dedicated his ox-cart, in the temple of Jupiter, to regal majesty. He fastened a knot to the beam of the cart, so dexterously involved and perplexed, that the oracles promised the dominion of the world to the man who should untie it. Probably the untying of it was an impossibility, the two ends of the cord being woven together. Great numbers attempted to loosen it in vain. At length came Alexander the Great, and made the last endeavor. This proving equally fruitless with the rest, he drew his sword and cut it. This circumstance has given rise to the well-known proverbial saying respecting the Gordian knot. We know nothing further of Gordius, but that he built the city of Gordium.

The Codfish.

CODFISH are principally confined to the cold and temperate seas of the northern atmosphere, for none have ever been described as inhabiting India or the great Pacific Ocean. The common cod, whiting, haddock, hake, and several other well-known species, although of a small size, belong to this family, and are most important on account of the immense supply of food which their prolific numbers afford mankind. The body of the cod, as will be seen by our engraving, is elongated, slightly compressed; the head is very well proportioned, without scales; all the fins are soft; the jaws and the front part of the vomer are armed with pointed, irregular teeth, middling or small-sized, in several rows, forming, as it were, a sort of currycomb or rasp; the gills are large, with seven rays; the stomach is in the form of a large and strong sack, capable of containing a great quantity of food; the tail is long and stout. Color, very variable; generally, back ash-colored, the sides being somewhat lighter, both the back and sides being covered with yellowish spots, the under surface being of a dusky white. Length, one to three feet. The flesh is white, firm, comes off in beautiful flakes, and, when salted.

will keep a great length of time. In this latter form it is carried to the remotest parts of the world—to the Mediterranean and South America—being carried in the latter, on the backs of mules, from the sea-coast, into those provinces of the interior where fresh fish cannot easily be procured. It is a great article in Roman Catholic countries during what is called Lent, going by the common cognomen of salt-fish, or stock-fish. The young of the cod are called codlings, as are those under twenty inches in length. They recover, after having spawned, sooner, it is ascertained, than any other fish; for, in a few weeks after they have got through, they are plump, vigorous, and well-colored. The difference in their color and markings is generally attributed to differences in locality and food. Some have been known to attain to a great size. Yarrell states that the largest cod of which he has any record weighed sixty pounds. Pennant refers to one weighing seventy-eight pounds. Others have been taken which weighed eighty-six and eighty-eight pounds. The largest specimen known was one which was taken in the spring of the year 1807, at New Ledge, sixty miles southeast of Portland, Me. This monster weighed one hundred and seven pounds; and the catcher of it, whose task was certainly no small one to capture so weighty an animal, said that it had barnacles upon its head as large as a man's thumb. Whether these instances of corporeal magnitude are the result of surfeiting, of organic disease, or idiosyncrasy, we do not know; but if of the former, they only make good the reputation which the cod enjoys of being one of the most voracious of all the ocean tribes. Its common food is smaller fish, crabs, worms, and so forth, and it frequently preys upon its own species, its digestion being so powerful as to dissolve many of the hardest substances. Stones and pebbles are frequently found in its stomach; and these it is supposed to swallow in order to allay its enormous hunger, by retaining the stomach in a distended form. Of the salted roe or spawn of this fish, exported from the northern part of Europe, vast quantities are used by fishermen for taking anchovies in the Mediterranean. From its liver is extracted an oil, which is valuable for manufacturing and other purposes, and which, when filtrated and refined, is of considerable efficacy in pulmonary affections, though its use in the latter way has but recently become at all common. The tongues and sounds of this fish when salted, are esteemed a great delicacy, and bear a high value in the market. Isinglass is also made in considerable quantities, especially in the north of Europe, from the air bladders of this fish.

The Banks of Newfoundland and adjacent regions are a famous resort for codfish, and the taking of them is a great source of wealth. Many towns in Massachusetts and Maine owe their thrift almost entirely to this business. If you were to visit them in the summer season, you would find the adult male population almost all absent, but they return in autumn, and spend the winter with their families.

The Whale.

WHALES so much resemble fish in their external appearance that they are often classed with them, but if we examine their structure, we shall find that they differ from quadrupeds only in their organs of motion. They are warm-blooded, and breathe by means of lungs. Their nostrils are at the top of their heads, by which the lungs are inflated when the animal rises to the top of the water.

When fully grown, the whale is from fifty to seventy feet in length, and its ordinary weight is about seventy tons. When the mouth is open it presents a cavity large enough to contain a boat full of men.

They are playful in their habits, and often leap almost out of the water. Sometimes they throw themselves into a perpendicular posture, with their heads downwards and their tails high in the air, when they crack their tails like a whip, and beat the water.

When struck by the whalemen, they often descend rapidly, and sometimes to the perpendicular depth of a mile. They do not often show a disposition to retaliate when wounded by the harpoon, but use all their energies to escape. The whale fishery is a great source of wealth, and employs a great many men, but it is attended with arduous labor and startling dangers.

The Equestrian Statue of Jackson, at Washington.

THIS beautiful specimen of artistic skill is erected in the center of what will soon become an extensive park, directly in front of the executive mansion, called Lafayette Square. It is impossible to look upon it with other than feelings of admiration. So faithfully has the artist performed his task, that the motionless bronze seems actually to breathe fire from his dilated nostrils, contemning even the ground upon which he stands, yet yielding implicit obedience to the iron will of him who proudly grasps the rein. Its undaunted rider is perhaps no less worthy of admiration. Fear to him is unknown, and the compressed lip and stern features of the veteran chief are proof of his unwillingness to relinquish a lightly fought battle-field. Both horse and rider are aptly fitted to and for each other.

This justly celebrated statue is the production of no foreign artist, but from its incipient stages to its present noble and beautiful proportions, is the work of a young American, who, from the moment it first reared its proud form from its present pedestal, will rank high in the catalogue of sculptors.

Clark Mills, the sculptor of the Jackson statue at Washington, was, five years since, a journeyman mason, unknown to fortune or to fame, obtaining a livelihood by the aid of trowel and hammer. His first attempt in the art in which he has secured for himself an undying name was that of perpetuating the prominent features of a fellow-townsman, in a plaster figure, which proved so striking a resemblance to the original, as to create a demand, by those who examined it, for others. Finding the orders for busts, &c., increasing, and it being far more profitable to him, and more congenial to his taste, than his previous occupation, he relinquished his trade for his new profession, until, by advice of friends, he left his home with the intention of travelling to perfect himself in the art. Passing through Washington on his way, he there heard of a proposition by the government for an equestrian statue of General Jackson. He at once applied for and obtained the job, and immediately commenced the work amid obstacles which none but an undaunted spirit could possibly have overcome. With nothing but his own private means and sufficient metal (old cannon) from government, together with a spirit of indomitable perseverance, he commenced in earnest the execution of a work which had baffled the united skill of the whole band of artists.

He first carefully studied the character of General Jackson, and from the history of the General, and from various portraits, formed his model of the rider. But his great difficulty was of course found in constructing the model of the horse. Upon this he spent very much time and careful study. To aid him he purchased a vicious horse, and by constant training at length succeeded in compelling the animal to suit his pleasure by remaining

in whatever position was favorable for producing his model. So perfectly under his subjection was the horse, that a motion from Mr. Mills would cause him to rear, and remain in that position as long as required. In this way the artist discovered the *center of gravity*, the great balancing power for the bronze statue, which attracts the wondering gaze of all. Many months of anxious toil were spent upon each step of its advancement—eager, close, and vigilant study in the discovery of that hitherto mysterious thing, the *balancing power:* such undaunted perseverance could not but be crowned with success. He *did* succeed; the artist's hours and months of toil were finally rewarded, and his models were perfected.

But here a new and entirely unexpected difficulty presented itself. Of all the extensive founderies to which he applied for the castings of his models, none of them could or would dare undertake a work which they deemed utterly impracticable! What feelings of despair must have filled the artist's soul to see the fruits of unceasing toil thus thrown away and lost! Enough, surely, to have broken a Yankee's spirit! But this would be a foregone conclusion—he was *bound to succeed!* He had conquered difficulties ostensibly as great as these, and to this he *could not* yield. With increasing energy he continued his exertions.

On the rear of a diminutive building, in quarters barely sufficient to afford him space to work, he was at length successful in casting the pieces of bronze.

And this was not the conclusion of the whole matter—for in the course of his labors he invented a furnace requiring *no draft at all*, for which he takes out a patent.

Thus, after difficulties sufficient to overwhelm a man of ordinary energy, he succeeded in completing the wonderful equestrian statue of Jackson, thereby perpetuating the name of Clark Mills, the American sculptor, by a well-earned renown.

In the construction of this work Mr. Mills lost $8,000, besides years of unremitting toil. He received from government, as reimbursement, $20,000, together with an order for a statue of Washington, for which he is to receive $50,000 more. Although the above may seem to be a large amount for the Jackson statue, it is in reality but a small pittance for the talent, labor, and ceaseless study bestowed upon it. The close attention devoted to the subject has caused the artist's hair, once of a dark hue, to change to almost white.

The principal merit, and that which attracts the admiration of the critic, is not merely its beautifully symmetrical proportions, but its wonderful *balancing power*, an attainment which for centuries has defied the united talent of the most skillful of foreign artists.

The horse is so perfectly balanced, that the lapse of ages would not affect its equilibrium if on a level base. But to prevent the action of heavy gales, earthquakes, or other great commotions of nature, the large size of the object renders it necessary that it be secured in

some way, and for this purpose the hind legs are keyed or bolted down to the pedestal in order to retain its present center of gravity. This fact does not, however, affect the principle in the slightest degree, as the horse stood some weeks under cover, without any assistance by key or bolt whatever, (nothing but its perfect *balance* to keep it in its position,) and the united weight of five men upon either extremity could not disturb its perfect equilibrium!

The horse is in a rearing attitude, and the spectator momentarily expects to see the upraised hoof of the fiery charger sink in the soil beneath. It seems impossible for it to remain in its present position unmoved. J. S. L.

Cathedral at Strasburg.

[See Frontispiece.]

Strasburg is an ancient commercial city of France. It is situated on the river Rhine, and contains a population of about 50,000 inhabitants. The houses are chiefly of red stone, substantially built after the German manner.

The city is chiefly celebrated for its magnificent cathedral, which was founded in 1015, and not completely finished till 1365. It is one of the most distinguished specimens of Gothic architecture in existence. Its tower is 474 feet high, being almost twice as high as that of Trinity Church in New York. It is ascended by 745 steps, and is a masterpiece of architecture, being built of hewn stone cut with such nicety as to give it, at a distance, some resemblance to lace. The tower was planned and begun by Erwin of Steinback, after whose death in 1318 it was continued by his brother. In the tower there is a famous clock, which represents not only the time of day but also the motion of the planets.

The Two Lives.

Beautiful is old age—beautiful is the slow-dropping, mellow autumn of a rich and glorious summer. In the old man, nature has fulfilled her work; she loads him with her blessings, she fills him with the fruits of a well-spent life, and surrounded by his children and his children's children, she rocks him softly away to the grave to which he is followed with blessings. God forbid that we should not call it beautiful, but not the most beautiful. There is another life, hard, rough and thorny; trodden with bleeding feet and aching brow; the life of which the cross is the symbol; a battle which no peace follows this side of the grave, which the grave gapes to finish before the victory is won, and—strange that it should be so—that is the highest life of man. Look along the great names of history; there is none whose life has been other than this.

Arab Women.

The Arab women on the banks of the Nile add to delicacy of form and natural elegance a striking simplicity of dress. The poorest wear nothing but a long blue chemise, with a veil of the same color—one corner of which veil they hold in their mouths when they meet

any men, especially Europeans. A large mask of black taffeta covers the faces of the richer females, leaving nothing to be seen but the eyes and forehead. Ear-rings, several necklaces of shells or paste, intermingled with amulets of silver or of polished copper; bracelets, various and multiplied; the chin, the hands, and a part of the arms, tattoed with blue; the eyelashes tinged with black—such are the particulars which complete the dress of an Arab female, and which, notwithstanding their apparent fantasticalness, produce an original and graceful effect.

Love the Old.

I LOVE the old: to lean beside
The antique easy-chair,
And pass my fingers softly o'er
A wreath of silvered hair—
To press my glowing lip upon
The furrowed brow, and gaze
Within the sunken eye where dwells
The "light of other days."

To fold the pale and feeble hand,
That on my youthful head,
Has lain so tenderly the while
The evening prayer was said.
To nestle down close to the heart,
And marvel how it held
Such tomes of legendary lore
The chronicles of Eld.

Oh youth, thou hast so much of joy,
So much of life and love,
So many hopes—age has but one,
The hope of bliss above.
Turn then awhile from these away,
To cheer the old, and bless
The wasted heart-strings with a stream
Of gushing tenderness.

Thou treadest now a path of bloom,
And thine exulting soul
Springs proudly on, as tho' it mocked
At Time's unfelt control.

But they have marched a weary way,
Upon a thorny road;
Then soothe the toil-worn spirits ere
They pass away to God.

Yes, love the aged—bow before
The venerable form,
So soon to seek beyond the sky
A shelter from the storm.
Aye, love them, let thy silent heart,
With reverence untold,
As pilgrims very near to heaven,
Regard and love the old.

The Price of Diamonds.

ROUGH diamonds, fit for cutting, are sold at £1 13*s.* 4*d.* to £2 the carat. A carat is rather more than three grains, and 156 carats equal to one ounce troy. But if the stones are about one carat, the square of the weight is multiplied by the price of a single carat; so that, for example, a rough stone of three carats cost 3×3× £2 or £18. It is similar with cut diamonds, and at present (1850) the purest brilliants of one carat fetch more than £8, a brilliant of two carats 2×2× £8 or £32. When the stones are over eight or ten carats, however, this is altered, so that they are often valued still more highly. Diamonds of a quarter of an ounce weight are extraordinarily costly, but still larger ones are met with; and one of the largest known is that of the rajah of Mattun, in Borneo, which weighs nearly two ounces and a half; that of the sultan of Turkey weighs two ounces; one in the Russian sceptre more than an ounce and a quarter. The greatest diameter of the last is one inch, the thickness ten lines. The Empress Catharine II. purchased it in the year 1772, from Amsterdam, and for it was paid

£75,000 and an annuity of £650. Diamonds weighing an ounce exist also in the French and Austrian regalia. One of the most perfect is the French, known as the Pitt or Regent diamond. It was bought for Louis XV. of an Englishman named Pitt, for the sum of £135,000 sterling, but has been valued at half a million. One of the stones most renowned in the East is the Koh-i-noor, or Mountain of Light, now in possession of the Queen of England. It came from Golconda, in Persia, and while uncut weighed more than five ounces, but now polished, only about two ounces. It is valued at more than £2,000,000 sterling. If we look only to the common mode of estimating the value, a perfect brilliant weighing half a pound would be worth £20,000,000. Some have stated that such a diamond exists among the royal treasures of Portugal as a hen's egg; according to others this is only a topaz.—*Sketches from the Mineral Kingdom.*

Facts about Tea.

In the ninth century certain Arabian doctors mentioned a fragrant and fascinating Chinese beverage prepared from a plant called schah. After the lapse of some six hundred years—in 1663—Olearius discovered that tea was domesticated as a luxury among the higher ranks of society in Persia. Now, all through the wastes of Central Asia, the Calmucks, the Bashkiri, &c., tea is supreme. But their use of it is no drink, but a solid nourishment. It has no appearance of delicately rolled leaves, but sticks and stalks of the plant are made into heavy stone-like cakes, of the color of tan balls, and of the consistency of iron boots. This is moistened and baked with the water of the steppes, mixed with the blood of animals, and enriched with the fat of beef, or mutton, and then eaten like soup.

"It is poison," said an old woman to Dr. Johnson. "Madame, it may be poison, but I have been seventy years dying of it," said he, draining his sixth evening bowl.

In eight years the leaves of the tea plant are fully charged with their peculiarities. In the ninth year they begin to lose them. Yet the plants are stripped sometimes to the eleventh and twelfth year—and hence the endless varieties of tea. Each year there are four harvests, of which that of February is the least in quantity, and the best in quality. The April harvest is a kind of rowen, the second cutting of the best. That of June yields mainly large leaves, and that of August is of the inferior quality. A careful bath completes the preparations for picking, and then, with gloved hands, the work is commenced. An industrious workman may collect from ten to fifteen pounds in a day. But on the same day he must strew them on a heated platter, and on the same evening wrap them in a cloth, and dip them for some moments in hot water. After they have dripped during the night, they are spread the next morning in hot iron pans, in which they are constantly stirred. They are laid upon mats, rolled with the open hand, completely cooled with large fans during the process, then skillfully packed in chests.

Adventures of Gilbert Go-ahead.

[Continued from page 130.]

MY journey, in company with my Thibetian friend, continued several days without any remarkable incident. We crossed the river Bramahpoutra, or Burrampoota, and soon after entered the territories of the little state of Bootan. This lies at the north-east corner of Hindostan, and occupies the lower portions of the southern slope of the Himmaleh mountains. It is a wild, rough region, its whole extent being about twice as large as New England, and its inhabitants 1,500,000 in number.

Our route lay along the middle portion of Bootan; to the north the mountains with tops covered with eternal snow, arising in black pyramids to the clouds, occupied the view; to the south, the country sloped down into level plains and luxuriant wastes—the abodes, as we were told, of innumerable wild animals, such as elephants, tigers, rhinoceroses, &c. We frequently saw among the hills small troops of buffaloes, as here and there a *yaik*, or *grunting ox*, which is remarkable for a long tail of silky hair, somewhat like that of a horse. The horses here are fine, and most of them are of various colors, called *piebald*.

The Bootanees are quite different from the Hindoos, as well as the Burmese. They are generally of good height, and many are six feet. They have wide cheek-bones, the face terminating in a narrow-pointed chin, giving them a three-cornered, fox-like outline of physiognomy. The eye is small and black; the beard is light; the hair is black. The climate is cool, and the clothing mostly of woolen cloth. Turnips seem to be the chief garden vegetable that is cultivated here.

The Bootanees are a barbarous people; their houses, consisting of one story, are mere huts. Sometimes a man has many wives, and often a wife has several husbands. In passing through the country, we had great occasion to admire the suspension bridges, which are often of chains of iron, though more frequently of timbers ingeniously locked together. Many of them are thrown across rivers sixty or even seventy feet above the stream below. The people make aqueducts for water, by hollowing out logs and placing them under ground. They manufacture paper and satin from the bark of a tree; they also make idols, swords, daggers, and the barbs of arrows, the latter being dipped in poison. The bow and arrow are used for hunting and war, though firearms are beginning to be introduced.

At the town of Paro, which is not far from the southern frontier of Thibet, we found considerable manufactures of these latter utensils. This place has some trade, and here is the principal market of Bootan. Some commerce is carried on between this town and Bengal at the south, and Thibet at the north; it is, however, in the hands of the government. In this way indigo, English

woolens, cotton, and linen cloths, sandal wood, assafœtida, sheet-copper, teas, gunpowder, &c., are introduced; coarse woolen cloths, wax, ivory, gold dust, silver, and horses are given in exchange.

From Paro, we proceeded twelve miles north to Tassisudon, the capital of Bootan. Here I learned something about the government. It seems that the nominal chief of the country is called *Dharma-Rajah*. He is considered to be above mortal men, and, in fact, is deemed a god. The actual business of government is confided to an officer called *Deb-Rajah*.

The city of Tassisudon is mostly a collection of one-story houses, and the palace of the Deb-Rajah is quite magnificent compared with the rest of the town. I was very anxious to see the great men of Bootan, but the Dharma-Rajah was living at Punakka, and a curious difficulty prevented us from seeing the Deb-Rajah. It seems there is a schism in the Budhist religion here, one sect believing in eating grasshoppers on Thursday, and the other believing it to be a deadly sin to eat them on that day. Tassisudon is full of priests, and in one of their monasteries my Thibetian friend and myself were lodged.

We sent notice to the Deb-Rajah of our arrival, and our desire to present our respects to him. We were accordingly invited to come to his palace the next day at sunrise. We went at the precise hour, and were met at the door by a man in a long black gown, and with the top of his head shaved, who asked us who and what we were. To this we made a proper reply.

"Do you hold, then," said he, "to eating grasshoppers on Thursday?"

The priest seemed to be in doubt how to answer, and pointed to me, as much as to say—"Ask him first."

"Well," said the man in the black gown, "do you believe in eating grasshoppers on Thursday?"

"I don't believe in eating them at all," said I.

"Thou art a heathen," said the man, "and cannot enter here. If grasshoppers are not made to be eaten, they are made in vain, which is imputing folly to the Creator."

I was about to reply, when the man waved his hand in token of silence. He then turned to my companion for his answer. The latter spoke as follows:

"The question you propose is too important to be answered hastily. I am myself a man of religion: I am a lama of Thibet. I have knelt at the feet of the thrice divine Grand Lama, of the holy temple of Pootala; and his breath is the dew of heaven! I have a right to ask thee questions, and to require an answer. What is the day of the week?"

"Wednesday," said the man.

"Yes; and to-morrow, what will you have for dinner?"

"Grasshoppers and turnips."

"I should be happy to dine with you."

"So; you eat grasshoppers on Thursday?"

"Certainly."

"Oh! I see—you are of our faith—I

will introduce you to the Deb-Rajah, but your unbelieving attendant cannot enter."

There was no help for it, so I turned away and wandered about the town. I soon came to the river on which Tassisudon is situated, and here, at the bank, I saw a great collection of people. Pretty soon there came a long procession of priests, and I saw that four of them had something quite heavy, bearing it along on a sort of rude litter. When they came near the water, they put it down on a pile of brush. I then saw it was the dead body of a man. After some prayers and other ceremonies were performed over the body, the faggots were set on fire and the corpse was speedily reduced to ashes; these were then taken up on a shovel and thrown into the river. The priests who officiated in these ceremonies are called *Gylongs*. They are a brutal-looking set, and their horrid shouts and groans and grimaces in these rites, were truly shocking. I returned to my lodgings quite sick at spectacle I had witnessed.

Having remained three days at Tassisudon we took our departure, and proceeded northward in a direct line toward Thibet. We had some severe traveling before us. The route lay over steep mountains and tremendously deep valleys. The paths were rocky and often encumbered by trees which had fallen across them from the shaggy sides of the impending cliffs. Every day we rose higher and higher upon that stupendous bulwark of mountains which separates Thibet from Hindostan.

We were mounted on the two little horses—or rather, ponies—which we had purchased in Assam. They were tough, vigorous fellows, and performed their task admirably: still it was hard work for them, and often as we rode along the dizzy edges of the rocks, hanging over deep and dismal precipices, it seemed as if they would inevitably fall over and carry us to destruction.

At length we arrived in the region of snow. All around had now the aspect of perfect winter, though it was the month of August. We continued to ascend higher and higher, while far beyond we could see the mountains, like blueish clouds, still rising above us. Every vestige of life now disappeared. The wild goats were no longer seen skipping over the glaciers; the snow-white owls that flitted before us were gone, not a blasted or stunted fir tree—not even a creeping lichen over the rocks was visible. The whole scene consisted of glaciers as hard and unchangeable as granite. It seemed a land of destitution and death. How terrible was the thought of that freezing atmosphere, which converted the most beautiful elements of nature into solid rock!

I confess that never in my life did I feel such a state of loneliness and helplessness as in those terrible peaks of the Himmaleh mountains. Nor was mental depression the only thing I had to suffer. I found it exceedingly difficult to breathe the air on account of its elevation, being so thin and so different from what I was accustomed to. Several times I was so suffocated that the blood gushed out of

my mouth and nostrils, and I should have perished but for some balsam administered to me by the priest.

I became exceedingly weak, and finally was so faint I could not sit upon my horse. I got off with difficulty, and while every thing seemed to swim around, I saw a shaggy-looking being approach me. I thought to myself that I was about to be seized by a bear, when all consciousness left me, and I fell to the ground.

When I awoke I was in a cavern, the priest reposing at a distance, and the shaggy creature, which I now saw to be a hermit, sitting by me. I soon recovered my senses, and, after a short time, was entirely restored. I thanked the hermit very sincerely for his kindness, and remarked that he had certainly saved my life.

"You need not give me the credit," said he, "it was all the work of the Kotooktoo."

"And who, pray, is the Kotooktoo?" said I.

"He is here," said the priest, taking a little misshapen stone image from a nook in the cave, and showing it to me.

"Indeed!" said I, "this seems to me only a bit of stone, cut into the hideous semblance of a man, or rather a monkey."

"It was once stone," said the hermit, "and it has the semblance of a monkey: but it is consecrated, and is now a thing of power. The spirit of generating the gift of life is in it. Pay your thanks to it."

"Well," said I, "good Kotooktoo, I'm much obliged to you; and to prove it I here give you five dollars." So saying, I handed the money to the idol.

"Bah!" said I, "the good Kotooktoo can't take it. He has the power of generating—he can save life—but he can't take pay for it."

"Leave such worldly matters to me," said the priest. "The Kotooktoo is too holy to soil its fingers with gold." So saying he greedily took the cash, and slid it into his pocket. Soon after this I set out with my friend, and we proceeded on our journey. I had got a little used to the peculiar atmosphere, and I suffered less from the difficulty of breathing; but the cold was intense, and the scene continued to be a complete solitude of interminable ice and snow.

At last we reached the very pinnacle of the mountains—nearly 30,000 feet, or six miles above the level of the sea. The air was clear, and we could see far away to the north over the vast plains of Thibet, and to the south over the spreading savannahs of Hindostan. These remote objects were indistinct, but there was a grandeur of outline which gave an impression entirely beyond the power of description.

We now began to descend the mountains, and as the country of Thibet is very elevated, it was not long before we reached its boundaries. This remote region, celebrated as being the seat of the Grand Lama, the head of that worship which has more believers than any other, is little known to Europeans. It is generally described as a vast plateau or table land, six or seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, and surrounded by

the most stupendous ranges of mountains on the globe.

A few travelers have crossed these formidable barriers, and given imperfect sketches of the people and the country encircled within them. But still Thibet is a strange and almost unknown land, and hence my adventures there, which are not a little extraordinary, may be interesting to my readers. S. G. G.

Christian Heroism.

THE fact I am about to relate I well know. A poor miner in Cornwall was down with a brother miner, sinking a shaft. In pursuit of that obscure labor, they were blasting the solid rock. They had placed in the rock a charge of powder, and fixed their fuse so that it could not be extricated. Their proper course was to cut the fuse with a knife; then one should ascend in their bucket—the other wait till the bucket came down, get into it, ignite the fuse, give the signal, and so be at the top of the shaft before the explosion. In the present case, however, they negligently cut the fuse with a stone and a blunt iron instrument. Fire was struck—the fuse was hissing, they both dashed to the bucket and gave the signal. The man above attempted in vain to move the windlass; one could escape, both could not, and delay was death to both. One miner looked for a moment at his comrade, and stepping from the bucket said:

"Escape, I shall be in heaven in a minute."

The bucket sped up the shaft—the man was safe. Eager to watch the fate of his deliverer he bent to hear. Just then the explosion rumbled below—a splinter came up the shaft and struck him on the brow, leaving a mark he will bear all his days, to remind him of his rescue. They soon began to burrow among the fallen rocks to extricate the corpse. At last they heard a voice. Their friend was yet alive. They reached him—the pieces of rock had roofed him over—he was without injury or scratch. All he could tell us was, that the moment his friend was gone, he sat down, and lifted up a piece of rock, and held it before his eyes.

When asked what induced him to let the other escape, he replied,

"I knew my soul was safe, I was not so sure about his."

Now look at that great Czar, who, to build a city called by his own name, sacrificed a hundred thousand men, and at this poor miner, who, to save the soul of his comrade, sat down there to be blasted to pieces, and I ask you, which of the two is a hero?—*Selected.*

No man knows what he can do, till he is fully resolved to do what he can.

WHEN men have thought themselves obligated to set about any business in good earnest, they have done that their indolence made them suppose impossible.

THERE are several abilities unknown to the possessor,—which lie hid in the mind, for the want of an occasion to bring them forth.

Merry's Monthly Chat with his Friends.

WELL, boys and girls, another month has come round, and here we are gathered together again for our friendly chat. Let us open by producing the

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NO.

Charade—Shakspeare.

Poetic Enigma—Wallace.

Arithmetical Question—5 rams; 5 ewes; 10 lambs.

Enigma by Lizzie—"Make the best of it."

Enigma from Grace and Mary—"Do unto others as ye would that they should do to you."

ANAGRAMS.

1. Many a Hog,	Mahogany.
2. Saw Nothing,	Washington.
3. Lead Ware,	Delaware.
4. No More,	Monroe.
5. A Rag Man,	Anagram.
6. War is Seen,	Weariness.

The Arithmetical Question of N. S. Otis is solved as follows:

8	1	6
3	5	7
4	9	2

ENIGMA.

Time.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. Because it is a bad habit.
2. Because it is felt.
3. To ashes.
4. Because it is a resting-place for the traveler.
5. Short.

Alexander the Small, of Clappsville; F. H. Fellows, of Albany; George, of Cleveland, O.; Albert Davidson; Frank, Utica, N. Y.; Clara A., of Mossingford, Va.; Arthur F. Small, Harrisburgh, O.; James S. Skinner, Onondaga Valley, N.Y.; Emma C., of Midway; P. M. Kinggon, Cambridge; Eddie, of Pawtucket; A. H. Spencer, Cleveland; James M., of Colrain, O.; Estella C., of Sidney, and Maria H. of Randolph, Vt., will please accept our thanks for their letters, and for their flattering words. Many of the letters contain correct answers to puzzles. Some of them also contain original enigmas, and other interesting material which we should be glad to print. We do not pass you by because your letters are not as good as others, but because our space is full. We hope you will all write again, and we will try to give you your turn.

J. Hopkins, of Searsport, Me., answers the question in the March No., which has not been answered before, viz.:—A merchant has four weights with which he can weigh any number of pounds from one to forty. What are they?

Answer.—1, 3, 9, 27.

Guy Fawkes, of Castine, Me., says: "I hope that Amelia, of Pawtucket, will not desire you to be partial in your balloon visits. Perhaps the reason that she desires you to come there with James and Ellen, is because she wants to see James." So, Mr. Guy, we are to infer that the reason for your wanting us to go to Castine is that you may see Ellen—is it not? Oh! Guy Fawkes, you are a sly fox.

Josephine S. Grant, of Oswego, says: "We have just received the Museum, and a *Museum* it certainly is, for I never saw any magazine so instructive and interesting." Then follow the answers to puzzles in the April No.; but the answer to her own enigma she does not give.

E. A. P., of Perrysburg, O., says: "This town is the county seat, and was named from Com. Perry. It is beautifully situated on the Maumee river, one mile below Fort Meigs. It contains several churches and stores, two printing offices, a flouring mill, and other manufactories, and has excellent schools."

"The town in which I live is Damariscotta, named from the river upon which it stands. The river, I believe, was so called from an Indian chief of that name. The town is noted for the great number of fine ships that are built here. I am ten years old, and I have a little sister five weeks old. When she gets old enough I shall read to her stories out of the Museum.

MARIETTA.

We have received an earnest and eloquent rejoinder from Justitia, in which he manfully defends Napoleon. In most of the individual cases which he cites, we agree with him that Napoleon showed a magnanimous spirit. He had very many noble qualities, but we judge his life from its general scope

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Cornelia C. M., of Danville, answers correctly the enigma in our last; but she whispers no answer to her own.

Fred., of Brooklyn, says: "Please ask your subscribers what Scripture name a man repeats when he inquires the health of his son."

Black-eyed J., of the South, sends the following

ENIGMA.

"I've seen you where you never were,
And where you ne'er will be;
Yet often in that very place
You will be seen by me."

Mary, of Pleasant Retreat, O., says she was "very impatient waiting for the March number, but when it came she was so delighted that she forgot her trouble." The remedy was a very natural one. We hope Mary will never have a worse trouble, and will always get over it as easily. She sends several answers, and the following

PUZZLE.

"YyuryyubIcuryy for me."

Evelyn M. O., of Providence, sends correct answers, and endorses her approval of the motto, "A place for every thing," &c.

Julia Ann, of Calais, answers puzzles in our last, and sends the following

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a blacksmith likely to make a great commotion among the letters of the alphabet? Also an

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 8, 9, 10, will intoxicate.
" 1, 4, 5, is a nickname.
" 2, 3, 7, is a number.
" 1, 6 11, is what every body likes to do.
My whole is a useful and dangerous thing.

ENIGMA BY E. A. ROOT, BINGHAMPTON.

I am composed of 12 letters.
My 1, 3, 4, 8, is given to invalids.
" 12, 4, 3, is a name of Mohammed.
" 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, was the name of an oracle.
" 12, 4, 8, is the whole.
" 4, 12, 6, is a youth.
" 8, 7, 12, 6, is useful ore.
My whole is a city in the United States.

CHARADES.

My first is a measure by no means uncommon,
My second a weight that three letters express,
My whole an attendant on each man and woman,
Forming a requisite part of your dress.

What word in the English language, of one syllable, which, if two letters be taken from it, forms a word of two syllables?

What is the word of four syllables, each syllable of which is a word?

ENIGMA BY C. M. S., PROVIDENCE.

In camps about the centre I appear;
In smiling meadows seen throughout the year;
The silent angler views me in the streams,
And all must trace me in their morning dreams:
First in the mob conspicuous I stand,
Proud of the lead, and ever in command.

ENIGMA BY HENRY FULLER, TRENTON.

I am composed of 14 letters.
My 2, 5, 13, 6, is a metal.
" 14, 1, 10, is what boys like to play.
" 3, 11, 12, 6, is a nickname.
" 4, 9, 6, is a color.
" 8, 9, is a pronoun.
" 7, 13, 2, 2, is what some persons are.
My whole was one of the best kings of England.

T. F. B., of Stockbridge, sends correct answers together with the following

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What river in Bavaria answers the question, Who is there?

2. Why is a man with wooden legs like one who has an even bargain?

3. Why is a parish bell like a good story?

4. What belongs to yourself, yet is used by others more than yourself.

MR. MERRY:—You seldom publish a letter from an Alabama boy—perhaps you receive none, so I thought I would write. I have just made out a solution of the enigma by Sarah C. H., "place for every thing, and every thing in its place."

And here is also an

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 14 letters.

My 11, 2, 7, 13, is the name of a lake in the United States.

" 3, 9, 9, 2, 14, is the name of a fruit.

" 1, 10, 12, 14, is a very good servant, but a very bad master.

" 6, 10, 4, 11, 8, is a fabric much used in warm weather.

" 9, 7, 11, is what all children are fond of.

" 1, 12, 3, 8, 5, was the nickname of a President of the United States.

My whole is the name of one who occupies a high station. FREDERIC.

Ned, of New York, incloses with his answers to puzzles the two riddles which follow:

1. What was that which was to-morrow, and will be yesterday.

2. I went into the woods and got it, and because I got it I looked for it, and because I could not find it, I brought it away in my hand.

Henry, of Cheviot, sends the following

PUZZLE.

" I'm always in rain, but never in wet,
I'm in the hail-storms whose peltings you get;
But when the warm sun shines bright on your head,
You see me no more—I'm gone with the dead.

ANAGRAMS BY L. C., OF CINCINNATI.

1. Nine thumps.
2. March on.
3. To love rum.
4. A nice cold pie.
5. Golden land.
6. All great sins.

The 1st is a matter of dread—the 2d and 3d relate to state affairs: the 4th is a book, the 5th a country, the 6th a people.

CONUNDRUM.

By Nellie C. C., of Cleveland, whose answers were all correct.

Why is a lady's man like a waiter?

Willie H. Coleman, of New York, answers correctly all the puzzles in the April number except one, and he contributes the following

PUZZLE.

Cut a piece of paper in the form of a horse-shoe, and then, by two straight cuts of the scissors, and without folding or doubling the paper, divide it into *seven* pieces.

M. H. W. seconds the motion for the reprint of the story, "Take Care of No. One," and sends an old arithmetical question which those who understand vulgar fractions by the study of Colburn's Arithmetic, will answer directly:

The head of a whale is six feet long; his tail is as long as his head and half his body, and his body is half of his whole length. How long is the whale?

Another question:

How can you spell boquet with three letters?

Emma E. Horn, of Watertown, Mass., sends correct answers, and is very much interested in the story of Little Muck. Little Muck is crowded out this month, but will appear next.

A. J., of Herman, sees a resemblance between a young lady of 16 and an old lady, because one is careless and happy, and the other hairless and cappy; but the comparison is far-fetched, and inelegant.

G. W. N., also of Herman, sends answers, and puts forth the following: "In what do old and young people differ at church?" Do you give it up? The one close their eyes, the other eye their clothes.

CONUNDRUMS BY LIZZIE.

1. What sea in Europe would make the best sleeping-room?

2. Why are buckwheat-cakes like the chrysalis?

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION, BY ANNIE.

A woman has a certain number of eggs in her basket. To one customer she sells one-half her eggs and a half egg. To another customer she sells one-half of the remainder and a half egg, and has two left. In this division none of the eggs are to be broken. How many eggs had she in her basket before selling any.

EXTENSIVE RETAIL

CLOTHING ESTABLISHMENT,

No. 441 Broadway.

ALFRED MUNROE & CO.,

PROPRIETORS.

The attention of purchasers of Clothing is respectfully solicited to our present superb assortment, comprising the most choice styles for

GENTLEMEN AND BOYS.

The facilities we enjoy for obtaining at all times the very latest styles of goods, and the best materials, enable us to be continually offering to our customers something new and desirable. In addition to our very large assortment of

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BOYS' AND CHILDREN'S CLOTHING

is certainly unsurpassed, if equalled, by any other establishment in the United States, particularly in that class of goods which we exclusively keep, viz:

WELL-MADE GOODS.

Every article sold by us is guaranteed in every respect, and we cheerfully return the money when any dissatisfaction exists.

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441 BROADWAY, between Howard and Grand streets.

GREAT BARGAINS

AT THE CELEBRATED, LARGEST, AND CHEAPEST

CARPET ESTABLISHMENT

IN THE UNITED STATES,

NO. 99 BOWERY.

HIRAM ANDERSON.

EIGHT SPACIOUS SALES ROOMS—WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

SALES ROOM No. 1,

Contains the most extensive, fashionable, and handsome assortment of Hare's celebrated English and American FLOOR OIL CLOTHS, of the newest style, satin finish, marble, Italian, Fresco, and Scroll Paintings, ever offered in this city, from 2s. 6d. to $1 the square yard of 1 to 8 yards wide.

SALES ROOM No. 2.

There are two hundred and fifty pieces of the choicest, most beautiful and desirable patterns of English and American INGRAIN CARPETING, at unparalleled low prices, from five shillings to six shillings and sixpence per yard. Manufactured for our city sales.

SALES ROOM No. 3,

Contains three hundred pieces of English and American Imperial THREE PLY CARPETING, of magnificent scroll and Gothic figures, imported and manufactured to order, some of which cannot be found at any other establishment in the United States.

SALES ROOM No. 4,

Contains one hundred and fifty pieces of fine INGRAIN CARPETING, of splendid new patterns, at astonishing low prices, 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 5,

Displays a wonderful variety of English DRUGGETS, of 4 yards wide Also, 3000 yds. of Druggets, of half, 2, and 3 yards wide, at 3s., 3s. 6d., and 4s., 5s., and 6s per yard. Also, magnificent Mosaic and Axminster HEARTH RUGS, and 1000 TUFTED RUGS at 20s. each.

SALES ROOM No. 6,

Is fully stocked with every variety of Striped and Figured STAIR and HALL CARPETING, at 2s., 2s. 6d., 3s. to 6s. per yard. Also, English Tapestry, Brussels and Velvet Stair Carpet, at 7s., 8s., 9s., and 10s. per yard.

SALES ROOM No. 7.

Royal Velvet Axminster, Tapestry, and Brussels Carpeting, imported from the celebrated English manufactories of John Crossly & Son, and Henderson's, expressly for our city trade.

Also, Mosaic Carpets of one entire piece, the size 16 feet by 21, and 12 feet 8 inches by 17 feet, worth $350.

SALES ROOM No. 8,

Are the PATENT TAPESTRY INGRAIN CARPETS, established at the World's Fair, and to be exhibited at the New York Crystal Palace.

Also, Window Shades, at 6s., 8s., 12s., 20s. to $10 per pair; Table Covers, Plated and Brass Stair Rods, English Sheepskin, Adelaide and Tufted Parlor Door Mats.

Also, White and Checked Matting, 4-4, 5-4, and 6-4, and Cocoa Matting. All the above goods will be sold 20 per cent. less than any other establishment in the United States.

HIRAM ANDERSON,

99 BOWERY.

N.B.—Families and Merchants visiting the great metropolis will find it much to their advantage to examine this enormous stock.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY.

THE SUBSCRIBER IS SELLING OFF ALL DESCRIPTIONS OF

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES, JEWELRY,

AND

SILVER WARE,

AT RETAIL, AT MUCH LESS THAN THE USUAL PRICES.

Jergensen Watches.

Real Jules Jergensen Watches received by every arrival, with certificates from him with each Watch, warranted perfect time-keepers.

Cooper Watches,

Duplex and Levers in Hunting and Magic cases, perfect time-keepers.

Independent Second,

And Quarter Second Watches for timing horses, in Gold and Silver cases.

Chronometers.

Splendid Gold Pocket Chronometers which run without any variation.

Eight Day Watches.

Watches which run eight days.

Enamel Watches,

Or Ladies', some in Hunting cases.

Diamond Watches,

For Ladies, some in magic cases.

Magic Watches,

Which change into three different Watches.

Watches which wind up

And turn the hands without any key.

Fine Gold Lepine Watches, four holes jewelled	$25 00
Fine Gold Detached Levers	30 00
Gold Enamelled Watches for the Ladies	35 00
Gold English Patent Levers	35 00
Gold English Patent Levers, hunting cases	58 00
Silver Patent Levers as low as	16 00
" Detached Levers as low as	14 00

And all other styles of Watches at equally low prices.

Diamonds.

Diamond Ear Rings, Pins, Bracelets, Finger Rings, and Crosses, for sale at much less than the usual prices.

Jewelry.

All kinds of GOLD CHAINS, PURE GOLD WEDDING RINGS, GOLD KEYS and SEALS, GOLD PENS and PENCILS, Gold and Silver THIMBLES, BRACELETS, BREAST PINS, CUFF PINS, LOCKETS, EAR RINGS, Gold and Silver Spectacles, Gold Tooth Picks, Charms, Chatelain Chains, &c.

Silver Ware.

Sterling Silver Spoons, Cups, Forks, Pie Knives, Napkin Rings, Fruit Knives, Wedding Cake Knives &c., &c.

Watches and Jewelry exchanged. All Watches warranted to keep good time or the money returned.

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All kinds of Watches and Clocks cleaned and repaired in the best manner at much less than the usual prices

GEO. C. ALLEN,

Importer of Watches and Jewelry, Wholesale and Retail, No. 11 Wall street, (up stairs,) near Broadway.

HAIR RESTORATIVE.

PHALON'S HAIR INVIGORATOR,

To restore the Hair, to cure effectually Dandruff, Scurf, &c.

One Thousand Dollars Reward

will be paid by E. Phalon, to any person who can produce a Hair Invigorator which can equal his as a beautiful and healthy restorative of the Hair. This truly valuable Hair Restorative has been before the citizens of

New York, Boston, and Philadelphia

over twenty years; during which time it has given the most perfect satisfaction, and superseded all other so-called Hair Restoratives, Invigorators, &c., many of which are in the dark bosom of oblivion buried. Hundreds in the city of

Cincinnati alone

have cause to rejoice that they were induced to try one single bottle of Phalon's Hair Invigorator, having tried almost every thing recommended for the hair, without deriving any benefit whatsoever. Phalon's Hair Invigorator not only prevents

The Hair from coming out,

but by its use preserves it to extreme old age. For infants and children, whose hair may seem weak or thin, their mothers can apply nothing better. It removes the scurf, which is apt to cause weakness of the hair in

Young People,

and which, if neglected, continues to render the roots of the hair less productive the faster they advance in age. Ladies will find the Invigorator a great addition to the toilet, both on account of its delicate and

Agreeable Perfume,

and the great facilities it affords in dressing the hair, which, when moist with the Invigorator, can be dressed in any required form, so as to preserve its place, whether plain or in curls. Prof. E. Phalon would again remark, when used on

Children's Heads,

it lays the foundation for a good head of hair; and would also state, it has restored the hair when hundreds of dollars have been expended in vain upon other preparations. It also dresses

The Hair Beautifully,

keeps it soft, silken, and clean, thrice as long as any other preparation. It will change the harshest hair into the most healthy, glossy state—imparting to it a most beautiful dark color—keeping both the skin and hair in a healthy and luxuriant state, until the last period of life.

From the New York Tribune.

We know of no compound for the hair, which, as far as our experience goes, can equal Phalon's Chemical Hair Invigorator. There is no remedy for the permanent cure of baldness, and diseases of the head generally, that has reached the popularity enjoyed by this article. It imparts vigor to the roots of the hair, and promotes its growth to a remarkable degree. Judge Edwards, of Philadelphia, a man over 70 years of age, the top of whose head was as bald as one's hand two months since, has now the hair growing fast by its use. There are many others, whose names we are not at liberty to give, whose hair has been restored by Phalon's Invigorator.

From the New York Sun.

A young gentleman, a friend of ours, living in Bleecker-street, was attacked with fever—the hair on the top of his head was dried off—the sides were covered with old, rusty, dry hair, filled with dandruff; he has at this time a beautiful head of hair, from the use of Phalon's Hair Invigorator.

Price only 50 Cents per Bottle.

PREPARED BY PROF. E. PHALON, NEW YORK.

Hair Dye.—Phalon's celebrated Liquid Magic Hair Dye is the best yet discovered for coloring the Hair or Whiskers, the moment it is applied. The wonderful ease and certainty with which this favorite and old-established Hair Dye performs, is astonishing. It is for sale, or applied at Edward Phalon's Wig Making, Hair Dressing, and Bathing Establishments, No. 197 Broadway, corner of Dey-street, and 517 Broadway, St. Nicholas Hotel, New York.

COPY THE ADDRESS.

CURE OF

COUGHS,

COLDS,

HOARSENESS,

AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL

CROUP,

HOOPING-COUGH,

ASTHMA,

INFLUENZA.

FOR THE RELIEF OF

Consumptive Patients in advanced Stages of the Disease.

Of all the numerous medicines extant (and some of them valuable) for the cure of pulmonary complaints, nothing has ever been found which could compare in its effects with this Preparation. Others cure sometimes, but at all times and in all diseases of the lungs and throat where medicine can give relief, this will do it. It is pleasant to take, and perfectly safe in accordance with the directions. We do not advertise for the information of those who have tried it, but those who have not. Families that have known its value will not be without it, and by its timely use they are secure from the dangerous consequences of Coughs and Colds, which. neglected, ripen into fatal consumption.

THE CHERRY PECTORAL

Is manufactured by a practical Chemist, and every ounce of it under his own eye, with invariable accuracy and care. It is sealed and protected by law from counterfeits, consequently can be relied on as genuine without adulteration.

The Diploma of the Massachusetts Institute was awarded to this Preparation by the Board of Judges in September, 1847; also, the Medals of the three great Institutes of Art, in this country; also, the Diploma of the Ohio Institute, at Cincinnati, has been given to the CHERRY PECTORAL, by their Government, in consideration of its extraordinary excellence and usefulness in curing affections of the lungs and throat.

Read the following opinion, founded on the long experience of the eminent Physician of the Port and City of

St. John's, May 8, 1851.

Dr. J. C. Ayer—Five years' trial of your CHERRY PECTORAL in my practice, has proven what I foresaw, from its composition, must be true, that it eradicates and cures the coughs and colds to which we, in this section, are peculiarly liable. I think its equal has not yet been discovered, nor do I know how a better remedy can be made for the distempers of the Throat and Lungs. J. J. BURTON, M.D., F.R.S.

See what it has done on a wasted constitution, not only in the following cases, but a thousand more:

Sudbury, January 24, 1851.

Dr. Ayer—In the month of July last I was attacked by a violent diarrhœa in the mines of California. I returned to San Francisco, in hope of receiving benefit from a change of climate and diet. My diarrhœa ceased, but was followed by a severe cough and much soreness. I finally started for home, but received no benefit from the voyage. My cough continued to grow worse, and when I arrived in New York, I was at once marked by my acquaintances as a victim of consumption. I must confess that I saw no sufficient reason to doubt what my friends all believed. At this time I commenced taking your truly invaluable medicine, with little expectation of deriving any benefit from its use. You would not receive these lines did I not regard it my duty to state to the afflicted, through you, that my health, in the space of eight months, is fully restored. I attribute it to the use of your CHERRY PECTORAL.

Yours. truly, WILLIAM W. SMITH.

Washington, Pa., April 12, 1848.

Dear Sir—Feeling that I have been spared from a premature grave, through your instrumentality, by the providence of God, I will take the liberty to express to you my gratitude.

A cough and the alarming symptoms of consumption had reduced me too low to leave me any thing like hope, when my physician brought me a bottle of your "PECTORAL." It seemed to afford immediate relief, and now in a few weeks' time has restored me to sound health. If it will do for others what it has done for me, you are certainly one of the benefactors of mankind.—Sincerely wishing you every blessing, I am, very respectfully, yours,

JOHN J. CLARKE, Rector of St. Peter's Church.

Read the following, and see if this medicine is worth a trial. This patient had become very feeble, and the effect of the medicine was unmistakably distinct:

United States Hotel, Saratoga Springs, July 5, 1849.

Dr. J. C. Ayer: Sir—I have been afflicted with a painful affection of the lungs, and all the symptoms of settled consumption, for more than a year. I could find no medicine that would reach my case, until I commenced the use of your "CHERRY PECTORAL," which gave me gradual relief, and I have been steadily gaining my strength till health is well-nigh restored. While using your medicine, I had the gratification of curing with it my reverend friend, Mr. Truman, of Sumpter District, who had been suspended from his parochial duties by a severe attack of bronchitis.

I have pleasure in certifying these facts to you, and am, sir, yours, respectfully,

J. F. CALHOUN, of South Carolina.

This letter is from the well-known Druggist at Hillsdale, Mich., one of the largest dealers in the State; and this case is from his own observation:

Hillsdale, Mich., December 10, 1849.

Dear Sir—Immediately on receipt of your CHERRY PECTORAL, I carried a bottle to an acquaintance of mine, who was thought to be near his end with quick consumption. He was then unable to rise from his bed, and was extremely feeble. His friends believed he must soon die, unless relief could be obtained for him, and I induced them to give your excellent medicine a trial. I immediately left town for three weeks, and you may judge of my surprise on my return, to meet him in the street on my way home from the cars, and find he had entirely recovered. Four weeks from the day he commenced taking your medicine, he was at work at his arduous trade of a blacksmith.

There are other cases within my knowledge, where the CHERRY PECTORAL has been singularly successful, but none so marked as this.

Very truly yours, G. W. UNDERWOOD.

From a well-known manufacturing Chemist of New York City, and given before trial had proven its virtues:

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